

2/22/70

Dear Hal,

Enclosed is a copy of the letter I have written Judy Bonner about her book. There is a chance it may get some attention out there, with as large a brotchel as Grosset & Dunlop distributing it. So, this gives those who want the other side and a fair evaluation, which few, if any, media people are in a position to make, a chance to judge the dependability of her word - to see whether the scent of the Dinkey Creek, Calif., pines is at all sweet.

As you know, living among them as I do-and propagating more all the time-I also love pines. I do not desecrate them with reference to mine and hers in the same letter.

If and when you see her book, I think you'll just love her acknowledgements, at the end.

Need I tell you what I think, how I feel, when I see such treachery, such infamous treatment of fact and history, such ignoble writing, finds publishers waiting while no honest book telling what can be dug up of the buried truth is in any way acceptable?

It just seemed to me that Joe, Jim, Perhaps Owen, Robin King, if he is still around, and others with whom I have lost contact, might have some fun with this, might just give it the ridicule it more than deserves and from which they may also get personal pleasure as well as good copy.

They don't have to do more than compare her book as cited and mine as misrepresented. In Merriman Smith's classic words, "with this for openers", is any more necessary?

If you do anything, let me know. If Joe is still doing his radio show by phone, ask him to call me. If he likes what we do, perhaps he'd like, thereafter, to have her answering this and if that makes fun copy he might, afterward, want us both on a conference-call hookup.

To that (and other) end, if Jim or anyone has time to compare her "complete" transcript of the radio logs with the published versions on the Tippit murder alone, I think we can have a little more good, clean fun. I suspect she'll have to either change that or plant a little diversion. This is just hunch. I've really done no more than the letter shows, save for thumbing through that xxxxx pedding called an appendix (without indication in the table of contents) to see what all this great new stuff is. It is a void. Except for what she calls the case. I've not examined that, but my eye fell on the Bowkey item. Would this make a thing for Joe, this and her representation contrasted with the actual words of his affidavit, which is enough to destroy the entire business (I'm presuming you recall it). I'd it like, in the remote event Joe or someone should call, to have enough time to get that out of my file and have it in hand, to read.

I haven't been shunning appearances. This is one I'd enjoy!

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In the course of writing Mary about this, to ask her to put the correct address on an envelope and mail it for me in Dallas, I suddenly remember something. Bringuier's book is published in Chicago. In Chicago I have an old friend, now a wealthy lawyer, who I got his first job, which enabled him to get married (back in the 30s). Unless he has changed with success, I believe he is still an anti-fascist, still an anti-anti-semitic. It is just possible, if there is cause for action, that he might handle a case against Bringuier-Hallberg for me. This makes me even more anxious to see the book. As of day before yesterday, the copies Bud ordered had not come. As of my yesterday's mail, Barnabei wants a copy. So, would you please get one and send it special handling, but by book rate? If there is a duplicate within the immediate future, I'll send it to Dick.

I what I write her publisher and distributor seems to warrant, I'll send you a copy of that. I may ask for something new, their duplicating their promotional and advertising costs to rectify this defamation and damage. It is a futility, but it is also a record and may be fun.

Sincerely,